

sweet dreams, salty waves

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by [luckylikeyou](#)

Summary

George begins waking up every night on a completely desolate beach save for one unfamiliar stranger. He's not sure where they are or why he's meeting this man every night in his dreams, but as they quickly become closer, he wants to believe it's fate.

Notes

hi i'm back in the dnf tag... i took my other fic off anon (but it's still only available to logged in users) because i plan to post more dnf but if people who follow me for my kpop work see this, no you didn't <3

apologies if the writing is shit, i literally only know how to write pwp. this is the first time i've ever written a longer chaptered fic and actually planned to finish it. i have the majority of this fic written, i just need to finish the last chapter. i was gonna wait till everything was done but i'm impatient lol. i'm not sure if i'll have a posting schedule or anything but don't worry cuz i won't wait super long in between chapters.

and obligatory disclaimer that dream/george have said they're fine with fics but i will take this down if they change their mind

Chapter 1

Consciousness comes slowly to George. He feels a warm breeze ruffling his hair and soft, cotton fabric underneath his fingertips. He rolls over, eyes still closed, and startles when he feels another person's skin against his own.

When he finally opens his eyes, he is blinded by bright sunlight. As his vision focuses, he can tell he's lying on a white, cotton blanket, but more interestingly, lying on a beach—which he was definitely not on when he fell asleep.

Looking up, he can see a bright blue umbrella over his head shielding him from the burning sun beating down all around him. Directly in front of him are glimmering blue-green ocean waves lapping against the shore. The beach is completely desolated, absolutely no one in sight, not even any stray umbrellas or beach chairs.

As he turns his head to look to the side, George finally notices a man sitting next to him. He's looking down at George with an blank expression, so still, George wonders if he's a lifelike statue—until he blinks.

The first thing he notices about the guy is that he's really cute. Like, *really* cute. He has fluffy blonde hair ruffled by the ocean breeze, pretty eyes (although George can't quite tell what color they are), and little freckles George can just barely see dotted across his nose and cheeks. He's still looking down at George and his mouth quirks up into a little smile as he notices that he's awake.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty," he says.

George just stares back.

Uh, what?

Where is he and why is this random stranger the only person in sight?

George wonders if this is a dream, but it's so drastically different from any other kind of dream he has had before. It's so vivid and lifelike, he can actually smell the salt from the ocean in the air. It doesn't feel like a fuzzy dream where he's just half-there, it feels real and solid. Did he get kidnapped in his sleep and transported to a beach? Knowing George, that would be just his luck.

"What the fuck?" George exclaims quietly, sitting upright. "Where am I?" he wonders out loud, hoping the stranger sitting next to him might offer any explanations.

The guy turns his head around to examine their surroundings, seemingly just as confused as George.

"I'm not sure," he finally responds with a shrug of his shoulders. "I just woke up here and you were lying next to me." George notices the man has a distinct American accent. Why an American? He's so lost.

"Is this a dream? George asks, voicing his earlier thoughts. Other than kidnapping, it's the only logical solution he can come up with considering last night he went to bed in Brighton, and now he has woken up on an unfamiliar beach with an unfamiliar stranger.

The man hums in thought. He spares a glance at George, and then his face morphs into a sly smile.

"It must be a dream, because I'm pretty sure angels like you don't exist in real life."

George scoffs. Who the hell is this guy? Why is he flirting with George so shamelessly?

"Do you flirt like this with everyone you meet?" George asks, a little embarrassed.

"Nah, but this is a dream, right?" the stranger offers. "Why not flirt with the guy who I'll never see again once I wake up in the morning?"

George makes a face. "Weird, but ok."

He digs his feet into the sand, feeling each tiny grain in between his toes. It feels so real George thinks he just might wake up to find sand under his nails. He can feel the stranger's hot skin radiating warmth as he brushes against him.

It's oddly nice.

George could definitely use this sunshine, it's been entirely too rainy and dreary lately in England. The heat of the sun feels nice on his unfortunately pale, vitamin-D deficient skin. Although, he can't say the same about the stranger. His skin is warm and tan and freckled, so he must obviously be out in the sun a lot. Where in America do they get a lot of sun? Texas? California? Florida?

He considers asking him, but maybe that's too much. He doesn't want to pressure this guy into giving him information.

But then again, is this dude even real? George has probably just dreamt this guy up. He's just a figment of George's imagination, despite how lifelike and human he feels. Before he can think to ask any questions, the stranger beats him to it.

"So, what's your name?" the man inquires.

George debates actually telling him for a moment, but if this dude is just a random npc in George's dream, he doesn't see the harm in giving him his name.

He opens his mouth to speak, but as soon as he does, his vision goes blurry. He tries to shake his head to clear the sensation, but the bright beach and the stranger's face suddenly seem far away, like watching something through a fuzzy TV screen. He can vaguely feel the man touch his shoulder gently, yet he can also feel something like cold wind blowing against his face. George tries to lean back into the feeling of the stranger's hand on him, but the sensation quickly slips out from under him.

His eyes suddenly snap open, and he awakens for what seems like the second time since he went to bed last night, except this time he's nowhere near a beach. He's lying in his bed in Brighton, watching his ceiling fan spin idly above him. The cool air produced from it whooshes against his face, and he assumes that was the cold wind he felt right before he woke up. So it was a dream?

Well, that rules out kidnapping, George supposes.

Even if it obviously was a dream, George has never in his life had one quite like that. It was the most vivid and realistic dream he's ever experienced. He can practically still smell the salty air.

It feels less like a dream, and more like a memory. He can still feel the scorching summer sun, the white cotton blanket, and the warmth of the stranger's skin. He almost wishes he could lie back down and return to the pleasant dream once again.

Instead, he just rubs at his face, trying to come back to the waking world. Ugh, he needs to tell someone about this.

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"So what I've gathered from all this is that you're so desperate for a boyfriend you dreamt one up," Sapnap says matter of factly.

George groans.

After waking up a bit, he took a shower then hopped onto Discord to tell Bad and Sapnap what happened. George isn't really sure what kind of response he expected from his friends, but he didn't come here to be roasted for his loneliness.

"Yeah, but George said his dream was crazy realistic!" Bad interjects. "What if it's literally like another reality George travels to when he sleeps?"

Sapnap scoffs. "I think you've been watching too many sci-fi movies, Bad."

"And you said this is the first time you've ever had something like this happen, right George?" Bad asks, ignoring Sapnap's comment.

"Yeah, this is the first time I've had a dream anywhere near something like that," George confirms. He isn't really sure what to make of this dream, or the stranger he met while he was there. "I just wonder who that guy is."

"Wait, have either of you guys heard about that thing about faces in your dreams? I've heard before that everyone you've ever seen in your dreams is someone you've seen in real life. Apparently your brain can't just make up a face, so it uses someone you've seen before," Sapnap exclaims.

"I would have remembered if I've seen someone like that before," George says quickly, and Bad coos.

"Aw Georgie, do you have a crush on the dream guy?" Bad sing-songs.

"No," George denies, maybe a bit too fast. "How could I have seen him before, anyways? He's American, and I've never even been to America." George can feel the tips of his ears get hot while he tries to defend himself to his friends. The stranger may have been unfairly attractive and painfully flirty, but that does not mean George has a *crush* on him.

The three of them keep bickering for a while, and he's obviously not going to tell Bad or Sapnap, but he secretly hopes he returns to the beach again when he falls asleep tonight.

...

George doesn't want to admit it, but he's been antsy all afternoon. He wants to know if his experience last night was just a one time thing, or perhaps something else. The whole day, he can't stop himself from checking the time and counting down the minutes until he could finally crawl in bed and go to sleep.

This weird dream has been occupying his mind all day. His mind seems to keep wandering to the stranger he met. It's unfair how attractive and charismatic he was, George just can't stop thinking about him. He's not sure what it is about the man, but George wants to see him again.

Sapnap and Bad can tell something is occupying his mind, so instead of making them deal with his half-assed attempt at conversation, he just cuts their nightly Discord call short.

“I’ll see you guys tomorrow, yeah?”

“Sure, George. Sweet dreams,” Bad says in a teasing tone. George rolls his eyes.

George won’t deny the speed at which he shut off his monitor, brushed his teeth, and crawled in bed. Despite how ansty he’s been the whole day, it doesn’t take him long to drift to sleep.

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It starts with the familiar smell of saltwater. If he focuses hard enough, he can hear waves crashing against the shore. It’s a little bit disorienting, because as much as he is trying to fall asleep in his bed, he’s also trying to wake up on the beach. He can start to feel the sand between his toes and the wind in his hair. Gradually, there comes a light so bright that it makes George see red on his closed eyelids.

When he finally opens his eyes, the burning sunlight nearly blinds him. He has to take a moment to let his eyes adjust, blinking heavily.

“I was beginning to wonder when you’d wake up.”

George immediately sits upright and whips his head around.

The man has an infuriatingly cute smile as he watches George sit up. George won’t deny the excitement he felt when he heard the familiar American accent.

“Um, yeah, nice to see you again,” George says awkwardly. He’s not sure what he should say, really. There’s a million questions he wants the answer to, but none seem to come out.

“I was looking forward to getting your name last time, but you just passed out on me,” the man informs. He sounds a little disappointed.

“What? Passed out?” George questions, confused.

“Yeah, you were about to tell me your name and then you just collapsed back on the blanket, dead asleep.”

George remembers. That was right when he woke up. He considers trying to tell the stranger his name again, but as soon as the thought crosses his mind, his vision starts to get cloudy and his head starts to spin.

George lurches forward, suddenly dizzy, and the stranger grabs his shoulder and holds him upright. George suddenly gets the same far away feeling he felt last night, and he panics. He doesn’t want to leave so soon.

He focuses on the warmth of the man’s hand that is braced on his shoulder and leans into it. His vision slowly clears up, and he registers that the guy is talking to him.

“-you okay?” George looks up at him with bleary eyes, and he can see the concern written on the man’s face.

“Y-yeah, i’m fine, I think.”

“Don’t go passing out on me again, sweetheart.”

George feels his face heat up. What's with the pet names?

"I-I'll try not to..."

The man gives him a reassuring smile. He then suddenly stands up, and brushes the sand off of his shorts, bending over and offering his hand out to George. George carefully takes it. He can feel the warmth from the man's hand against his, and George can see all the freckles across his arms as he tugs gently and helps George to his feet.

The first thing George notices is the height difference between the two of them. The stranger is about half a foot taller than he is, and despite how hard he tries to force it down, George can feel his blush spread. *Fuck*, Sapnap was right. He genuinely dreamt up a guy that was so perfectly his type. He just hopes that the man thinks the redness spreading across his face is only from the heat of the sun.

The man shifts his hold on George's hand up to his wrist, gently circling it and pulling him towards the shore.

"C'mon, lets go get our feet wet!"

George just lets himself be dragged behind the man to the shore. The soft sand of this beach is vastly different from the rocky shores of Brighton, and he can feel the grains of sand in between his toes as he trudges towards the sea.

Briefly glancing behind himself, he can see sandy dunes with some tall grass and palm trees dotting them. George sees that there are actually buildings further back, they look like condos or hotels. This must be some kind of tourist location, but there is absolutely no one around. The beach is completely desolate, and the balconies of the buildings behind him are void of any signs of life.

He returns his gaze back towards the sea. The sand underneath him starts to become more moist and solid as they reach the shoreline.

Once they get close enough, George can feel the water lapping at his feet. It's pleasantly warm, but not hot. The two of them wade a little further in until the water is about halfway up their calves. George almost forgets that the man is still gently holding his wrist until he lets it drop from his grasp.

"I've always loved the ocean," the stranger says. "My family would always take me and my sister on trips to the beach because we loved it so much. Well, I loved it. She didn't like the sand getting everywhere," he laughs.

George hums in response, content with just listening to him speak.

"It's been a while since I've actually been to the beach," he says, sounding a little sad. "Life has been too busy lately." He turns to look at George, smiling and squinting slightly at the bright sun. George ignores how his breath keeps hitching whenever the man smiles at him. "It feels good being here."

He speaks so genuinely George almost forgets that this isn't real life, despite how real and solid it feels. George would like to think the man is real, because he must be more lonely than he thought if his brain actually made up someone like this.

"I don't go to the beach often," George confesses. "Beaches near me are always cold."

"Do you like it here?"

George wants to say that he's so intrigued with this place and the stranger that he has been looking forward to coming back all day, but that might be too much.

"This is nice," he says instead.

The man begins taking steps back towards the shoreline, and George wordlessly follows him. He stoops down and begins digging his hands through the wet sand right where the water laps up at the shore.

"What are you doing?" George asks.

He doesn't offer an explanation, instead looking up at George and saying, "C'mere!" George kneels down onto the wet sand with him. When the water splashes up onto the shore, George can see small things just underneath the sand that quickly disappear as soon as he spots them. The stranger quickly snatches up one of the little things before they can disappear back under the sand. He washes the item in the saltwater then holds it up for George to see.

George isn't really sure what he's looking at. It's a little smooth tan thing in the shape of a bean, about the size of the tip of his pinky. He watches in surprise as it slowly cracks open and a weird slimy thing comes out.

"Is it a clam?"

"Yeah, they're called coquina clams. They wash up on the shore and then burrow back into the sand," the man informs.

He reaches down and plucks out a few more from the sand. They're multicolored and different sizes.

"Hold out your hand," the man requests, and George does.

He drops two of the little clams into his hand, and George watches as they wriggle around. He runs his fingers across their smooth shells. They're kinda cute.

"Now put it back in the sand."

George gently drops the two clams back onto the wet sand, and as soon as they hit the ground, they burrow under the sand and disappear.

"I used to try to catch as many as I could. I remember one time I had a whole bucket full, but my mom made me put them back," he laughs, and George smiles with him.

"I've really missed the beach," the stranger says, looking out on the ocean. "I think I'll go back. You know, in real life. I don't live too far from the beach, I live in—" the man's speech suddenly stops completely, and before George realizes it, he has collapsed onto the shore.

"Oh shit!" George gasps, trying to shake his shoulder to wake him up. "Are you okay?" he asks, but no response.

George quickly stands up and grabs the man underneath his arms, trying to drag him away from the water that is splashing against his unconscious body. His dead weight is almost too heavy for George, but somehow he manages to drag him all the way back onto the white blanket under the umbrella.

George is heaving deep breaths as he finally deposits the stranger onto the cotton blanket. Despite

his ruffled hair and wet clothes that are covered in sand, he looks relatively peaceful. George can see the slow rise and fall of his chest as he breathes.

As George sits there next to him, he can feel his own head start to spin just like earlier. Before he knows it, his body starts to feel weak. When he hits the ground, his eyes snap open, and he's back in his bedroom.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

i've decided i'll start updating this fic every wednesday :) i'm still working on the final chapter, i kinda took a break from it to write pretty tears but now i should be focused on this fic again (if my school work would ever let up)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The following night, instead of the stranger waking up before George, George wakes up first.

He's not really sure what determines who wakes up first, but honestly, he's not complaining if he gets to see the stranger sleeping so peacefully. He's lying on his side with his arms curled under his head to support it, and George can hear his soft breaths as he sleeps.

He had told Sapnap and Bad about his second encounter with the stranger at the beach, and they seemed thrilled to know that George actually got to see the man again, and it wasn't just a one time thing. Bad teased George, offering the suggestion that he and the stranger were '*soulmates destined to meet each other only in dreams*', which George vehemently denied.

He really does want to know what all of this is, though. Why him? And why this random american stranger? It might sound stupid, but maybe Bad was onto something. Maybe they were here for a reason.

George is snapped out of his thoughts by movement beside him. He watches as the stranger slowly wakes up, propping himself up with one hand and using the other to rub his eyes.

As soon as he catches George's gaze, that stupid smile is back on his face.

"Fancy seeing you here," he says with a grin.

George just offers a nod. "You passed out last time."

"Really?" the man asks, sitting himself upright. "So I just collapsed? Like you did the first night?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I ended up passing out a few minutes after you did," George explains.

The stranger scratches his head. "Yeah, that happened to me too."

"You woke up, right? Like back in the real world?" George questions.

The stranger nods his head.

"I don't think we're allowed to say certain things," George says quietly, unsure. The stranger quirks an eyebrow and looks at him expectantly. He elaborates, saying, "I don't know if there's like, rules or something, but whenever I tried to tell you my name I woke up back in the real world, and when you were about to say where you lived, you woke up."

He hums in thought. "Sounds reasonable. I guess whatever stuck us here is trying to make it a hell of a lot harder to get to know each other." The man's eyes suddenly light up. "We should make up

names to call each other if we aren't allowed to share our real ones!"

George nods, and thinks for a moment.

"I've told my friends about you," he begins, and he frowns when he sees the man's eyebrows raise. George just knows he's about to get teased, so he continues before the stranger can interrupt.
"They called you '*dream guy*'."

The man laughs at that. "So my name is gonna be *dream guy*? Really?"

"Ugh, I don't know, it's not like you have anything better!" George huffs, shoving his shoulder. The man keeps laughing, and George tries to fight a smile, but this guy's happiness is just so infectious.

"What about..." George trails off for a moment, thinking. "What about just... Dream?"

The stranger grins at that and nods in affirmation. "I like it!"

George smiles back, glad that the man—no, glad that *Dream* likes it.

Dream looks at him for a moment before a sly expression crosses his face. Oh no. George has only met with him three times, but he already knows that he's about to say something cheesy.

"So, what should I call you then?" he pauses and George doesn't say anything, so he continues.
"You like pet names? Sweetheart? Baby? Angel?"

George scoffs at his forwardness, but he can feel the heat on his cheeks. "Are you seriously gonna keep flirting with me?" he huffs. "You said on the first night you did it just because you thought we'd never see each other again."

"Well I've already started, why quit now?" he teases. "Do you not want me to call you pet names?"

"Call me whatever you want, I guess," George mumbles.

"Alright, Honey," Dream says, getting up and dusting the sand off his clothes and holding a hand out for George. "Let's go for a walk." It's reminiscent of yesterday, how he gently takes George's hand and helps him stand up.

Jesus, will this guy ever stop being so charming? It's almost getting annoying at this point.

They start walking on the shoreline together, feeling the water lap up at their toes. The silence is comfortable, the only noise being the crash of the ocean waves. It's a lot nicer here than it would be at a beach in real life, what with the complete solitude and lack of people. There's no noisy shouting, loud music, litter, or anything else that obnoxious tourists would do. It's nice.

"So, do you like long walks on the beach?" Dream asks.

"Are you this flirty with everyone?" George says, ignoring his question.

Dream laughs. "No, just you." George won't deny how that made his stomach twist. Dream is so confident and charismatic, it's like he always knows exactly what to say. He's too tall, too handsome, too good with words, too flirty. Dream is just entirely *too much*.

"Wanna go for a swim?" Dream asks, and as soon as George nods, he grabs him by the wrist and leads him towards the ocean.

George can't help the way he stares as Dream grabs the collar of his plain white t-shirt and pulls it over his head. Dream isn't ridiculously ripped or anything, but his body is nice enough to make George's ears warm as he watches him toss the shirt down onto the sand.

"Coming?" Dream asks, already heading towards the water.

George just pulls his own shirt over his head, discarding it on the beach next to Dream's, and jogs down to the shoreline.

The water is warm, a stark contrast to the cool waters of Brighton's beaches. They both wade further in, bobbing up and down with each wave. They're about chest deep at this point, and George jumps when he feels something touch his hand, but he realizes it's just Dream's hand.

"The waves can pull you away," he explains. "Hold my hand so we stay close." George just swallows hard and nods. Dream is going to give him heart problems at this rate.

They kind of bob in the water for a few minutes, enjoying the waves that rock them up and down. The warmth of the water feels really nice, not too hot, but not cold like many of the beaches in England.

Dream stands stationary for a moment, and George watches him, confused. He seems like he's focusing on something, and he suddenly lets go of George's hand and dives down into the water, grabbing something off the seafloor. When he emerges, he takes a hand and pushes his wet hair out of his face, drawing his other hand out of the water and showing George the item between his fingertips.

It's a whitish-tan circle with 5 lines in it and a flower shape pattern in the center. George studies it for a moment before asking, "What is that?"

"It's a sand dollar," Dream explains, handing it to George. He turns the flat disc around in his hand, inspecting it.

"How did you find it?" George asks.

"Usually you can find them during low tide, but if you just go out deep enough you can find them under the sand. I just dig around in the sand with my feet until I feel one, then dive down and grab it."

"Is it alive?"

"No, this one isn't. You're not supposed to take ones that are still alive, but if you find one like this one that's already dead, you can bleach them to make them bright white."

George doesn't know how to tell Dream that he's barely listening, too busy watching his face intently as the water from his wet hair trickles down his nose and cheeks. Dream looks up at him and smiles, and George quickly looks away. Why can't he stop staring?

"I hardly even knew sand dollars were living creatures. Do you know everything about sea life?" George asks.

"No," Dream laughs, "I just know where to find sea life cause I was a curious kid at the beach. The coquina shells and sea dollars are easy to find."

"My fingers are gonna start pruning," Dream says. "Wanna go back to the shore?" George nods his head, and they start making their way back to the beach. As they come back up onto the shore,

Dream reaches down to grab their discarded shirts.

When they reach the umbrella, they take a seat next to each other on the blanket.

“It was nice seeing you again today,” George says truthfully.

“Agreed,” Dream says in a cheery tone.

Dream starts to say something else, but as soon as he does, George’s head starts spinning once again. He can tell Dream is feeling the same effects, because his speech is suddenly cut off. George vaguely realizes this probably means he’s going to wake up, and he remembers he’s still holding the sand dollar Dream gave to him earlier. He clutches it in his palm, holding it so tightly in hopes that maybe it will still be in his hand when he wakes up.

They both collapse to the ground, and George wakes up. As he opens his eyes, he gently clenches his fist.

Empty.

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“Jeez, George, is this an every single night thing? How long do you think it will last?” Sapnap asks.

They’re playing Minecraft, just a regular vanilla survival world. George is busy chopping down trees to build his house, and Sapnap and Bad are out mining. The tasks in early-game Minecraft are simple enough that they can have a conversation about other stuff while playing.

“I don’t really know… I hope it doesn’t end soon,” George says.

“That is really weird, George,” Bad pipes up. “I have never heard of anything like this before.”

George agrees. There is literally no evidence of anything like this happening that George can find. He knows, he’s even gone past the first search result page of Google, which is unheard of. George has scoured the internet for any kind of information for this, or other people who have experienced it, but nothing of interest came up. There’s been random sites about lucid dreaming, or astral projection, but neither of those really match what he’s experiencing. Bad is right. This situation is *weird*, to say the least.

But weird doesn’t necessarily mean negative. He’s actually been enjoying and even looking forward to seeing Dream every night. Dream just has this personality that makes George want to be around him all the time. They’re definitely more than strangers at this point, George would even like to consider him a friend.

“I know it’s weird, I’m not really sure what to think about all of this,” George says as he pulls out his iron sword and kills a zombie. “Dream is a nice guy, though.”

“You’re not gonna fall in love and replace us with Dream, right, Georgie?” Sapnap says, and George can hear the pout in his voice.

“Of course not,” George laughs.

Fall in love? No way. Dream is just a friend.

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It takes them a while to fully learn the restrictions of what they're allowed to share about themselves, lots of trial and error, multiple nights suddenly waking up back in Brighton right in the middle of a sentence. From what he does learn, he figures out that they're strikingly similar in some aspects, like their interests and hobbies. They're compatible, like two pieces of a puzzle that just fit together.

"Hey, Angel, ever made a sandcastle?"

George doesn't think he will ever get used to the pet names Dream uses. He's expressed his embarrassment before, but Dream seems to enjoy the way his face turns red every time he uses the terms of endearment on him. It started as a joke, but now Dream seems to do it to torment him.

"No, I haven't."

"Let's go make one, then!" Dream says with a grin, already running down to the shore. George silently follows behind him.

He doesn't understand how Dream is so bright and charming. He's all wide smiles and infectious laughter, the type of person you just want to be around 24/7. George could probably never get sick of being in Dream's presence, he just has this gravity that pulls George in close and never lets go.

Dream stoops over the shoreline, digging out a big handful of moist sand.

"you've gotta use wet sand, because if you don't, it won't stick together and it'll just collapse," he explains.

Dream takes his handful of wet sand and piles it up into an amorphous blob shape. He uses the flat of his palm to sculpt it into a short rectangular, using his fingers to make the edges crisp. He grabs another handful of sand and places it on top, making a small cylinder. George just watches, fascinated, as he creates four more cylindrical towers on each corner. He finishes it off by creating five spires on each tower, on all the four corners and the final tower on top.

As Dream is finishing up the details on the castle, George can't help but stare a little bit. His blonde hair is falling over his eyes as he looks down at the sandcastle, biting his lip slightly as he focuses on his work. His pretty hands are deftly sculpting the castle, and George recalls what they felt like when Dream had laced their fingers together.

"Do you like it?"

George has to force himself to take his eyes off of Dream and actually look at his completed sandcastle. He's honestly surprised at how Dream did such a good job so quickly.

"It looks great," George praises. "How on earth did you finish it so fast?"

"Plenty of practice as a child," Dream explains, running a hand through his hair. As he does so, some grains of sand fall from his hand and down onto his cheek. Without even thinking, George takes a thumb and swipes the sand off his face. Dream seems a little surprised.

"You had some um... sand," George says meekly.

"Thanks. Want to try your hand at making one?"

George nods. He's not really sure what he's doing as he scoops up handfuls of sand and piles them on top of each other. He tries to replicate what Dream did with the rectangle and five towers, but the rectangular base is lumpy and uneven and the tower on top keeps collapsing. He sighs, and

Dream seemingly can sense his frustration.

“It’s okay, angel, let me help you,” he says.

George feels like he might stop breathing as Dream leans into him, trying to get closer to the sandcastle. He takes more wet sand and sculpts the tower on top into a more sturdy shape, and he also tries to clean up the uneven spires George made.

They both take a step back to examine the two sandcastles, and it’s obvious that Dream’s is a lot better. George’s castle is lumpy and uneven, while Dream’s is all clean edges and symmetrical shapes.

“Mine’s kinda ugly.”

Dream wheezes at that. He starts to say something, but the more he looks at George’s castle, the more he laughs.

“Dream, quit laughing!” George demands, but he himself starts to laugh too.

“Sorry, sorry,” Dream says once he’s calmed down a bit. “It’s genuinely not *that* bad for your first time.”

“But it’s still not good,” George points out.

“Listen, we’ll make them together every day until you finally get good,” Dream promises.

And they did.

•••

“Ugh, I had a shitty day today,” Dream groans.

Honestly, George can tell. Dream has dark circles under his eyes and his hair is disheveled. It’s only been a few weeks since he started seeing Dream, but he’s never really seen him like this. Dream is always so happy and energetic, so it’s upsetting to see him beat down.

“What happened? Can you tell me anything about it?” George asks.

Dream sighs and fiddles with the collar of his t-shirt. “It’s just college stuff. I don’t know how much I can tell you, I don’t want to wake up. Today sucked and i’ve been looking forward to finally just seeing you and being able to relax.”

George can’t deny the happiness he felt at that. It feels nice to know that Dream enjoys this, the two of them here. George likes to consider these dreams as the time he gets to just relax and not worry for a while, so it makes him glad to hear that Dream feels the same way. Although, he wishes that Dream could actually tell him what’s wrong. It’s frustrating that they can’t reveal too much. He wants to let dream vent and talk to him about his problems, and vice versa.

“It’s okay, you don’t have to talk about it,” George says.

Dream smiles at him despite his sour mood. “Thanks. I wish I could talk to you about it.”

George spots something in the sand next to him. He plucks it out and shakes off the remaining sand to get a good look at it. It’s a pretty seashell, bright white and about the size of his thumbnail. He holds it out towards Dream.

"For you," George says. Dream looks at the tiny shell between his fingers. He smiles and takes it gently. "Maybe that will make your day better."

Dream's face brightens. "Thanks, sweetheart."

"You're welcome," George says.

Dream leans back on his arms and looks out on the sea. He looks handsome, despite the tired expression on his face, and George can't help but to stare. It's unfair how pretty he is. George's heartbeat picks up when Dream turns his head to look at him and gives him a small smile.

George tries to ignore the butterflies in his stomach, but he can't seem to stop them every single time he's around Dream. Every little thing Dream does is attractive, even the way he looks when he's beaten down from a shitty day. It's becoming a problem how much he can't take his eyes off Dream every time they're together. They're just friends, he shouldn't be staring at Dream's pretty eyes, or his freckles, or his sharp nose, or his lips.

George snaps out of his thoughts. He really needs to focus on something other than Dream's handsome face. He suddenly stands up and barely gives Dream a chance to speak before he shouts, "Race you to the shore!" and takes off.

As he runs towards the shore, he turns his head around and sees Dream sprinting behind him, kicking up sand as he goes. George is laughing with glee, and it makes him happy when he sees Dream start to smile as well. It looks like his attempt to cheer Dream up is working.

Dream picks up his pace and starts running faster, getting closer to George. George is almost to the shore when he yelps as arms circle his waist.

"Not so fast!" Dream says while laughing, holding George tight in his grasp. George tries to wriggle free, but it's no use, Dream's grip is too strong.

"Let me go!" George whines, trying to free himself, but Dream just laughs and holds tighter.

As he squirms, the two of them suddenly lose balance, and fall to the ground with a thud. The wind gets knocked out of George's body, and when he finally regains his breath and opens his eyes, he's met with Dream staring right back at him.

George is lying on his back in the sand, with Dream hovering over him, one elbow propped next to George's face, and his other hand gently cradling George's head. All thoughts fly out of his head as George realizes that Dream is on top of him, almost caging him in. He can vaguely hear Dream speaking as his head spins.

"-you okay? I'm so sorry, sweetheart, I didn't mean to let you fall." George realizes that the hand cupping the back of his head was put there to protect him from the fall. He can barely find the words to respond, what with Dream right above him, looking down at him with worry.

"i-i'm fine," George stutters.

Dream is quiet as he studies George's face, like he's making sure George is actually one-hundred percent okay. George's mind is swimming at the proximity of their faces. He doesn't think he's ever seen Dream this close, and he honestly wouldn't mind if Dream got even closer.

He shakes his head. That's not a thought you should think about your friend, is it?

"I swear I'm fine, can you get off me?" George says in a quiet voice.

Dream's face looks like he suddenly realizes the position they're in. George can see his cheeks go red as he scrambles to remove himself from Dream.

George sits up and Dream gently brushes the sand from his hair and the back of his shirt. The butterflies return to his stomach as he realizes Dream just wants to take care of him. Fuck, he really needs to get his emotions under control. This shouldn't be happening. They're just friends.

"I'm sorry I grabbed you," Dream apologizes, sounding genuinely regretful.

"It's okay, really," George insists. "I'm fine."

Dream has a pout on his face, and it makes George sad and amused at the same time. He wanted to cheer Dream up but ended up causing him to be worried about him, but he's also cute when he's pouting.

George dusts the remaining sand off of himself and stands up.

"Come on, let's go find more seashells."

•••

Even in his waking hours, Dream constantly occupies George's mind. He's sure his friends are probably sick of how much he talks about him, but that doesn't stop George from recounting everything they do together each night.

"George, are you sure you're not in love or something?" Sapnap asks bluntly.

"Of course not!" George denies.

"Oh, have I told you guys about what Dream did last night? Or how pretty his eyes are? Or how sexy he is? Or ho-" Bad is cut off by George yelling at him to stop.

"I do *not* say those things, and I am *not* in love with him."

"Yeah, sure," Sapnap says, disbelieving.

Love is not the word George would use, but that doesn't mean he feels nothing towards Dream. Every single day is spent looking forward to crawling in bed and falling asleep to finally see him. George's once god-awful sleep schedule has been completely fixed because George goes to bed early practically every night because he's so excited to see Dream again.

They're just friends. Really good friends.

"I do hope I can meet him in person some day," George admits.

"I'm sure you guys will find a way," Bad says. "Y'know what I said, remember? Mysterious soulmates!"

George laughs halfheartedly. "Sure, soulmates, whatever."

Chapter End Notes

this is kinda fast burn and i'm trying not to make it sound super cheesy but hell yeah

we got the classic "accidentally trip and fall over your love interest"

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

i honestly almost forgot to upload this today LOL ive been so busy

i tried to proofread but apologies if u catch me writing mom instead of mum i'm american unfortunately

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George hadn't realized just how quickly Dream had become so much to him. He's not sure when it happened, but through these few months of talking about anything and everything, building sandcastles, collecting sand dollars, and not-so-subtle flirting, they became inseparable.

He practically tells everything to Dream, or at least as much as he can without being woken up for revealing too much. Every good thing, bad thing, or in between thing that happened in his daily life, he could tell to Dream and Dream would actively listen.

But sometimes, George can't stop the little intrusive thoughts that wriggle into his brain.

George *knows* Dream is real, but he can't help but think the 'what if?'s. What if Sapnap was right, and he was so desperate for company he just dreamt someone up? What if one day he goes to bed and Dream is just gone? What if they never actually get the chance to meet in person?

George just tries to remind himself that Dream is real and one day they *will* see each other. Dream may be, for lack of a better term, only a dream, but that doesn't mean he doesn't mean anything to George.

The downside is, he forgets that having a best friend (or something more) that you can't prove is real can be a little confusing to outsiders.

•••

"And you said his name is... Dream?"

George has been trying to explain this whole situation to his mum for the past twenty minutes. To be honest, George has been trying to put this off as long as possible, but he let Dream's name slip and of course his mum started asking questions.

"Well, that's not his actual name, I don't know his real name. We're not allowed to say it."

She looks at him with obvious skepticism. "Why aren't you allowed to say your names?"

"I don't know, there's weird rules where we can't reveal too much information or we wake up."

The look his mum gives him genuinely infuriates him. He can tell she doesn't believe him one bit.

"...So you don't really know anything about him." she says.

George forces back a groan. "I know plenty about him."

“Where does he live?”

“Uh... in America?”

“America’s a big country, sweetie. Do you know where?”

“No...”

George wants to scream. The questions his mum is asking him make him look completely stupid, or like he’s making this whole thing up. He honestly regrets agreeing to his mum’s lunch invitation since she has been interrogating him this whole time. She seems like she’s toeing the line between disbelief and concern at George’s words, and George already knows she is going to take this situation entirely too seriously.

“He’s my best friend,” George insists, and he can tell his mom is surprised by the statement.

Her voice is cautious as she says, “I think you’re getting a little old for imaginary friends, honey...” George’s fists clench.

“Dream is *not* an imaginary friend.” His tone is much more fierce than he intended it to be, and he’s almost as taken aback at himself as his mum is.

Fuck, he didn’t mean to get so defensive, but Dream is so much more to George than an ‘imaginary friend’.

He sighs heavily when he sees the shock on his mum’s face at his outburst. He buries his head in his hands, but he can sense the look of concern she’s giving him. God, she definitely thinks George is fucked up in the head now.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to snap at you,” George mumbles, not making eye contact.

“It’s okay, sweetie,” she says, but George can hear the tenseness in her voice.

George is startled as an unfamiliar voice speaks.

“Here’s your check, just pay whenever you’re ready,” the waitress says, placing the check down and smiling.

George’s mum reaches for her purse to pull out her wallet, but George stops her.

“It’s fine, I’ve got it, mum,” he says.

“But-” she starts to speak but George interrupts her.

“I said I’ve got it,” he snaps. She frowns at the change in the atmosphere.

George almost feels kind of bad, this was supposed to be a pleasant lunch with his mum, but somehow it got ruined. He’s not sure exactly whose fault it was. He didn’t mean to snap at his mum, but the way she was interrogating him and implying that Dream wasn’t real really pissed him off.

George just feels infuriated at the thought that someone even thinks that Dream isn’t real. Dream is so much to him, and to reduce him down to an ‘imaginary friend’ is so frustrating.

George pays and they leave in silence. The tension is thick as he gives his mum a parting hug, each of them offering their goodbyes. He considers apologizing again for snapping at her, but instead he

lets her walk away.

...

“Wait, you’re really colorblind?” Dream asks incredulously.

They’re back at the beach, sitting cross-legged facing each other underneath the umbrella.

“Yes, idiot, I am.”

“What colors can you not see?” Dream questions, seeming genuinely interested.

“Well, i’m not really sure. Google says I can only see yellows, browns, and blues,” George explains. “I can see blue really well, that’s why it’s my favorite color.”

“When we see each other, i’ll get you anything blue you want,” Dream says with a soft smile.

George’s stomach flutters at those words. *When we see each other*. Not ‘if’, but ‘when’. He can’t even imagine what it would be like to be with Dream in real life. Going places together, introducing Dream to his friends, touching him for real. George wants that so badly.

After his regretful lunch with his mother, George is more desperate than ever to prove to everyone that Dream is real. They’ve tried making plans, or even just slightly trying to give clues on how to find each other in the real world, but every single time, they are mercilessly kicked out of the dream before they can actually say anything. It’s so fucking frustrating, George just wishes this was easier.

“Do you really think we’ll see each other in person?” George asks quietly.

“I know we will. I’ll go search every inch of England to find you if I have to,” Dream says with a small smile, reaching out and brushing a strand of hair away from George’s face.

It’s cheesy, but George knows he means it.

“When we finally see each other I’ll finally get to prove to my mum that my best friend isn’t just a part of my imagination,” George jokes, but the words ‘best friend’ feel wrong whenever they spill past his lips. George can see Dream’s expression change almost imperceptibly at the title.

They’re definitely something more than best friends at this point, but neither of them have said anything about it. Best friends don’t hold hands and call each other pet names and stare at each other’s lips for a second too long.

George takes a deep breath and gathers all of his courage. He gently grabs Dream’s hand that was tucking George’s hair behind his ear, and presses a soft kiss to his palm.

He can just barely hear the way Dream’s breath hitches at the action. It’s nice to know that George has just as much of an effect on Dream as Dream has on him.

It catches him off guard as Dream suddenly engulfs him in a hug. His arms wrap tightly around George’s neck, caging him in with his broad shoulders and resting his chin on top of George’s head. He mumbles something into George’s hair, but it’s so muffled George can just barely understand it.

“What did you just say?” George asks, heart racing.

“Nothing,” Dream says, still holding George tight in his arms.

“No really, what did you say?”

Dream hesitates for a moment.

“Don’t worry about it, sweetheart,” he says as he detaches himself from their embrace.

George isn’t positive what exactly Dream said, but to his ears it sounded like a certain three words.

•••

“I swear to God he said it,” George insists.

He’s currently on a discord call with Sapnap. Bad is busy doing something else, so it’s just the two of them.

His mind is still reeling from his interaction with Dream last night. George doesn’t know how he finally worked up the courage to kiss Dream, even if it was only on the hand. For these past few months they’ve been skirting around each other, neither of them daring to act on anything. There’s been obvious moments between them where something almost happened, but just didn’t.

George remembers the time when the two of them were lying on their sides facing each other. He had petulantly rolled over and turned his back to Dream, pretending he was mad when Dream made a joke picking fun at him. He remembers Dream’s strong hand grabbing his shoulder and turning him back around to face each other. Somehow, they ended up entirely too close, their faces less than a foot apart. George recalls how his heart almost stopped when Dream’s eyes subtly dropped down to his lips, and then back up to meet his gaze.

The memories of dozens of moments just like that one come flooding back, and George can feel his cheeks turn red. He’s thankful that Sapnap can’t see his face right now.

“He said what?” Sapnap asks. George huffs, because he knows Sapnap wasn’t paying attention.

“I thought I heard him say... you know...” he trails off, hoping Sapnap would fill in the gaps. He doesn’t.

“George, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

George wants to slam his face into his desk. “I think he said... ‘I love you.’”

Sapnap whistles. “Jeez, how long has it been, four months?”

George groans. “Not the point, Sapnap.”

“Well, do you love him back?” he asks. George opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

Does he love Dream?

Yes. Of course he does. Dream makes it hard not to love him.

But George doesn’t know if he can actually say it out loud. He’s been trying to dismiss these feelings for a while. Although, he’s not necessarily surprised that Dream said those three words, because Dream has shown George he cares for him multiple times in unspoken gestures. But the fact that Dream said it out loud, even if it was quiet and muffled in George’s hair, means it’s *real* now.

It feels like they’ve known each other forever. From the moment he met Dream, the very first night, it just felt right.

George wonders what this means now. Does he tell Dream he loves him back? Does he pretend like he didn't hear anything and nothing changes? If he does tell Dream he loves him, what will that make them? It's not like George can tell his family and friends he has a boyfriend that he can only see in his dreams, his mum already thinks he's fabricating this whole thing. Would Dream even want to be his boyfriend?

"I can hear you thinking, George."

"Sorry," George apologizes.

Sapnap starts to say something, but George almost has a heart attack when he hears a sudden knock at his door.

"Sorry, Sapnap, give me a second," George says, disconnecting from Discord and taking off his headphones.

He stands from his chair and makes his way towards the door. George is honestly confused, because he wasn't expecting anyone at all. The person knocks again, and George shouts, "coming!" quickly unlocking the door, he swings it open to find two people on his doorstep. His mother, and an unfamiliar man. George can tell his mum is tense, her face drawn tight. He notices the man is very professionally dressed, holding a briefcase in his right hand.

"Mum, who is this?"

She ignores his question, instead asking, "Can we come in?" in a quiet voice.

George doesn't say anything and just nods his head.

They take a seat in his living room, George and his mum on the couch and the stranger sitting in an armchair.

"Honey, i'd like you to meet Doctor Brewer. He's a licensed psychologist."

What the fuck?

George's head starts spinning. What the hell? Why did his mum bring a psychologist to his house? He almost wants to tell both of them just to get out, but before he can, his mum continues speaking.

"Our conversation the other day really worried me..." she says carefully. "It would make me feel better if you would talk to Doctor Brewer a bit."

"Mum, you've got to be fucking kidding me."

His mum frowns at the harsh language. "George, I'm not kidding. I'm concerned about you."

The doctor is just sitting there silently, observing them. George feels like he's going to be sick.

"I'm not doing this, mum. There's nothing wrong with me," he snaps.

"Sweetie, please. Just do this for me." George runs a hand over his face, exasperated. Maybe if he just agrees and gets this over with, he won't have to worry about it again.

"Fine. I'll talk to him."

George's mum sighs in relief.

George watches as the doctor opens his briefcase and pulls out a laptop. He opens it up and types a few words.

“So, George,” Doctor Brewer begins, “Your mother has expressed her concern with me about you being unable to distinguish your dreams from reality.” George can feel his blood boil. He is so pissed, but trying to keep it together. He doesn’t say anything and Doctor Brewer continues speaking.

“Can you tell me about these dreams you’ve been having?”

George rubs his hand over his face. “Yeah, about four months ago, I started having really vivid dreams. I would wake up every night on a beach with this other guy,” he explains.

“Who is this ‘other guy’?”

“Um, well, we’re not really allowed to share names. Or uh—any personal information. His nickname is Dream.” The doctor types as George speaks.

“Why can’t you share information?”

George wants to scream. He already explained all this to his mum, couldn’t she have just told this stupid doctor beforehand?

“We get kicked out of the dream. The first night, I tried to tell him my name, and I just woke up back in the real world. We’ve tried before to find a way to contact each other in real life but before we can tell each other anything we wake up.” The doctor quirks an eyebrow.

“*Contact each other in real life?*” he repeats. “So you think this dream man is a real person out there?”

“I know he is.”

“What makes you think he’s real? These are dreams, after all.”

George sighs angrily. Shouldn’t a psychologist give him the benefit of the doubt? He feels like the doctor is just pushing his mother’s narrative that George is making all of this up.

“These dreams aren’t like any other I’ve ever had before. They’re extremely realistic, it feels like real life almost.” George spares a glance at his mum, who is looking at him with worry.

“Plus,” George continues, “I don’t think I could have ever made up someone like Dream.”

Doctor Brewer types a few more sentences on his laptop. “What do you mean by that?” he asks.

George can feel his face get warm as he thinks about Dream.

“He’s just... amazing, I guess. He’s so unique and interesting, there’s no way I could have made him up.”

“So I take it you really like the dream man—”

“Dream,” George interrupts. “His name is just Dream.”

“Yes, Dream...” the doctor affirms quietly. “Do you care about him?”

“So much,” George confesses, unable to stop himself.

He can see his mum out of the corner of her eye holding her hand to her chest. He wants to yell at her, because these dramatics she's been putting on are pissing him off. George just knows she genuinely thinks he's fucked up in the head and obsessed with an imaginary friend. Why else would she bring a fucking in-home psychologist to his apartment?

The doctor types a few more words onto his laptop before gently closing it.

"George, my conclusion is the same as your mother's. It's concerning that you are so... *involved* with these dreams and the man." George's glare towards his mother is scathing.

"We want the best for you, and we want you to be able to tell these dreams apart from reality," the doctor explains softly, like he's talking to a child. He turns to George's mum and says, "I will speak with my colleague on medication and treatment for your son."

George sees red.

"I am *not* taking any kind of medication," he snaps. "I'm fine."

Doctor Brewer gives George a passing glance before leaning in to speak into his mum's ear. He can vaguely hear him say, "*I'll call you and we can discuss this later.*" His mum thanks the doctor as he packs up his briefcase. He stands in front of George and offers his hand for a handshake. George just stares up at him and his hands remain in his lap.

"I think it's time for both of you to leave."

He should have just told them to get out as soon as they arrived, because George doesn't think anything good will come from the conversation they just had. He watches in silence as his mum and the doctor exit the front door.

Well, fuck.

•••

"And then he fucking said he was gonna talk to someone about *medication* for me."

Dream is sitting upright on the blanket while George is lying down, his head in Dream's lap. Dream's fingers are absentmindedly playing with George's hair while George recounts the events of earlier today.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I know it must have been frustrating, but you'll get through it," he pets George's hair. "We'll get through it."

George sighs in frustration. "My mum just overreacts about everything. I just can't believe she brought a fucking in-home psychologist to my apartment. I don't know how to explain to her that I'm not crazy, and that you're real."

"Don't worry about it too much. We'll see each other soon enough and you can prove to your mom that I'm more than just the man of your dreams," he offers with a wink.

George smiles and scoffs. "You're insufferable."

"But you love me," Dream coos.

With the way Dream is looking down at him, he can count every freckle on his nose and cheeks. His blonde hair is falling down his face just barely obscuring his pretty eyes which are crinkled up

from the soft smile on his face. He's so beautiful, George's heart hurts just looking at him. The two of them together just feels perfect, with George's head in Dream's lap and Dream's hands playing with his hair.

"Yeah," George says in a quiet voice. "I do love you."

Dream's hands suddenly still, and the soft smile on his face is replaced by an unreadable expression. George's heart starts thudding, afraid that he somehow said something wrong.

"Do you mean it?" Dream asks in an almost vulnerable tone.

"Of course I do," George says with a shaky breath.

A grin as bright as the sun suddenly crosses Dream's face. He takes his hand out of George's hair and reaches for George's own hand so they can lace their fingers together. He squeezes tightly.

"I love you too, angel."

Fuck. There it is.

George's mind is racing. *Dream loves him.*

It's not like he didn't know already. Everything Dream does is with love, like how he brushes down George's wind-tousled hair, how he finds the prettiest seashells for him, how he guides George's hand to show him how to build sandcastles, *everything*. He's known for a while that Dream loves him. It's just that now, he's actually said it.

Dream's hand is pleasantly warm as they gently intertwine their fingers. George feels like his heart is about to burst, and his face hurts from smiling. Dream's free hand starts carding through his hair again, fingernails barely grazing his scalp. It's so perfect, George doesn't ever want to leave this moment. The pure euphoria of knowing that Dream loves him, and he loves Dream.

"I heard you," George confesses. "Last night."

Dream's face turns pink. "You did?"

"Mhm."

"Why didn't you say anything?" Dream asks.

"I don't know. I kind of already knew. That you love me, I mean." George sits up so that he can look at Dream better. He's still smiling softly at George, his eyes slightly squinted from the sunlight, and George can feel Dream's thumb gently rubbing circles on his hand. He's so perfect, it's unfair.

"What does this make us?" George asks quietly.

Dream studies him for a second before speaking. "What do you want us to be?"

"I want you to be my boyfriend," George says quickly, before he can stop himself.

Dream just smiles wider, picking up their intertwined hands and pressing a kiss to George's hand, mimicking George's own actions the previous night.

"I think I'd like that," Dream whispers.

George beams. He feels like he's on cloud nine.

"Can I kiss you?" George asks.

Dream laughs, and George frowns. Why is Dream laughing at him?

"Don't make a face, baby. I want to save our first kiss for when we finally see each other." George pouts, and Dream gives him a kiss on the forehead.

"Will that tide you over till then?" Dream laughs.

"I guess so. But you owe me a *real* kiss when we meet."

Chapter End Notes

yes... confession time

i'm sorry if this is too fast paced i just want to get to the good stuff and i can't write filler :sob:

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

angst in the fic fo today....

apologies that this chapter is so short! i'll try to make up for it in the next chapter also!!!

tw: nonconsensual drug use!

its not between george and dream, so dont get worried abt that. but just be careful when reading if thats something that makes you uncomfortable <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After the lunch with his mother and the infuriating therapy session, George doesn't even know why he agreed to dinner at his parent's house.

It's been pretty tense the whole night, with forced smiles and clipped sentences. George's father has barely spoken at all, and his mum forces polite small talk. George knows his mum has something to tell him. He's not sure what, but he can just read it on her face that she's hiding something.

George just wants to kick himself for allowing that stupid doctor to 'evaluate' him or whatever. He should have just told the both of them to get the fuck out. But he didn't, and now he's stuck here with his mother who is even more concerned about his mental health. His father hasn't had much to say about everything that's going on, only offering a '*We're worried about you, son*'.

George wishes all of this would go away. He wishes he could see Dream in person, just to prove to his mother that he's not mental, that Dream is real. He wants to touch Dream for real, hold him, kiss him.

Kiss him. Fuck, George can't believe they're boyfriends now. How on earth is he supposed to tell his parents he's actually *dating* Dream? They would think he's too far gone, too obsessed with this made up person.

At least they can't stop him from seeing Dream every night.

"Sweetie," his mum begins, snapping him out of his thoughts. "I spoke with Doctor Brewer and he recommended some medicine for you." He's about to start arguing but his father holds up a hand. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small orange pill bottle. He reaches over the table to hand it to George, but George doesn't take it. His father just sets it on the table in front of him instead.

"George, we just want the best for you," his father says. "We don't like to see you struggling."

"I'm not struggling," he snaps. "Dream has made me feel the best I have in years. I'm only 'struggling' because you two think I've gone crazy." his parents share a worried look.

"It's not healthy to mix your dreams with reality," his mum says softly. "We care about you, angel." George gets a bitter taste in his mouth as his mother calls him 'angel'. Only Dream is

allowed to call him that.

“Dream *is* real. He’s everything to me.”

His mum’s eyes widen. “Sweetie, you can’t just become... I don’t know, obsessed with someone who you have never even met!”

“That doesn’t matter,” George says with clenched fists. “I may have never met him in real life, but that doesn’t change my feelings about him.” Both of his parents look shocked at his words. *fuck*, George didn’t mean to let that slip.

His father starts to speak in a soft, cautious voice, “Son, you don’t mean—”

“Yes,” he says in between gritted teeth. “Think whatever you want, but I am *not* taking any medication.” His mother sighs heavily and turns to his father, speaking to him in a low voice.

“I just don’t think we’re going to get anywhere,” she murmurs. His father offers a solemn nod.

George just stares them down from across the table. He can’t believe he accidentally exposed how he felt about Dream to his parents, but there’s absolutely no way he will be taking any medication that stupid doctor prescribed. George is *fine*.

“I’m leaving,” George snaps, standing up from his seat.

His parents watch as he exits the dining room and storms out the front door.

...

George slams his door angrily as he enters his apartment. He’s still pissed over his conversation with his parents. He’s been fuming the whole drive home, and honestly he’s just exhausted from *everything*.

How on earth is he meant to prove to his parents that Dream is real?

George would rather be optimistic about his and Dream’s future, but he can’t stop his mind from wandering to the worst case scenarios. If they can’t even share names, how is he meant to find Dream in real life? They live in two different countries, on two different continents. They could just go for months or even years without seeing each other. He wants to cry at the thought of never seeing Dream in person. How will he prove that Dream is real?

George knows it’s just his intrusive thoughts getting the better of him, but he sometimes thinks that even his friends don’t believe him. That they think this is just some sort of long term prank he’s been pulling on them for months. Or maybe, that they just think George has gone crazy, just like his parents. And George doesn’t know how long his parents are going to deal with their worries about him being mentally unstable. What if they just straight up get him institutionalized? George wants to just scream and cry and throw things, but instead of letting his frustration get the better of him, he crawls in bed. He’ll talk to Dream about this, and they’ll sort this out.

It will be fine.

...

George’s eyes open slowly as sunlight from his cracked blinds streams onto his face. He can feel the cool wind of his fan blowing on his face, and the warmth under his comforter makes him not want to get up at all. He yawns, shutting his eyes again and rolling over onto his side. It’s nice.

He's so comfortable he doesn't feel like moving an inch. George considers rainchecking all of his plans and staying in bed all day.

George lies there for a while, letting himself relax in the sleepy, quiet morning hours. *Maybe just a few more minutes*, he tells himself, shutting his eyes. He is just about to fall back to sleep when he realizes something doesn't feel right.

George quickly snaps his eyes open and sits up, looking around. He's in his room, the exact same one he fell asleep in last night. Alarm bells start ringing in his head violently.

No. No, no, no, *no*.

He didn't see Dream. George's heart starts thumping so hard it feels like it might break his ribs. He didn't dream. He didn't *see Dream*. He didn't wake up on the beach whenever he went to sleep. George crawled in bed, slept for 8 hours, and woke up. Absolutely no dreams whatsoever.

George gets out of bed, but he doesn't even know what to do with himself. Where does he go? Who does he talk to? He paces around the room and tries to calm his rapid breathing.

He can feel tears start to prick at the corners of his eyes. *Please, please, please, this cannot be happening.* He doesn't want to believe this is real. For months he's been seeing Dream every single night, why has it suddenly just *stopped*? What changed? He wants to know, *needs* to know what Dream is thinking. Is he as distraught as George is? George so, so badly just wishes he could call Dream on the phone and talk to him, make sure everything's okay, but that's not how this works. These bullshit rules completely and utterly denied him and Dream the chance to see each other or even speak outside of the dreams. It's so fucking *unfair*.

Will he see Dream again when he goes to bed tonight? He feels sick at the thought that this could be it. That he might just never see Dream ever again.

George pulls out his phone and opens his messaging app to start sending a text to Bad. With trembling fingers he types, *Can I call you?* George has to keep himself from crying as he waits for Bad's reply.

Thankfully, it doesn't take long when Bad finally texts back, *Sure!* He almost misclicks on Bad's contact because his hands are shaking so much. It only takes a few rings for him to pick up the phone.

"Hi, George, is everything okay?"

"No, I don't think so," George says in a shaky voice.

"George, what's wrong?" Bad says, his tone immediately becoming concerned.

"I didn't see Dream," George says, his voice cracking. "I didn't dream last night."

"Oh no..." Bad trails off. "Do you think it's a one time thing? It just happened last night, right?"

George mumbles an "uh-huh".

"Well what if he pulled an all nighter or something?" Bad offers. "Maybe you'll see him again tonight."

"I don't know, I have a bad feeling," George says. "he would have told me if he was gonna do something like that." Bad starts to say something, but George keeps speaking.

“What if this is it?” he says in a vulnerable tone, voicing his earlier thoughts. “What if I don’t see him again?”

“George, don’t automatically go to the worst case scenario,” Bad says softly. “It will be fine.” Bad’s gentle words are comforting, but he still feels like he might cry. He has a horrible feeling in his gut that he won’t see Dream again tonight.

“I’m sorry, I just needed to talk to someone about this,” George says quietly.

“It’s okay, you can always talk to me or Sapnap,” Bad reassures him. “Can I do anything else for you, George?”

George starts to shake his head, then he remembers Bad can’t see him. “No... I think that’s it for now. Thank you, Bad,” he says, but he can’t say he feels any better about this situation.

“Call me if you need anything, George. I mean it.”

“I will,” George mumbles, and they offer their goodbyes. He hangs up.

After the call ends, George just kind of stands there. He doesn’t really know what to do. Does he find some breakfast? No, he feels sick. Crawl back in bed just lay there? No, he needs to do something.

In the end, he decides to just take a shower. Maybe he can calm himself down a bit.

As George stands under the hot spray he tries to rationalize things. Maybe Bad is right, and Dream just pulled an all nighter for some reason. That makes sense, right? Or maybe this is just a random hiccup. If George just gets through this day, he’ll go to bed tonight, and wake up right next to Dream once more. It will be fine.

But that doesn’t stop the horrible feeling in his gut. Something just doesn’t feel right. He can’t put his finger on it, but this isn’t normal. This isn’t right.

After he steps out of the shower, dries off, and puts his clothes on, George can faintly hear his ringtone as he walks out of the bathroom. Rushing over to his phone, he picks it up and sees the caller id listing *Mum*.

He does *not* want to deal with this right now, but despite better judgement, he answers the phone.

“Hello?” George says, trying to make his voice sound as normal as possible, and not like he just had a panic attack.

“Hi, sweetie!” his mum’s cheery voice rings through the phone, grating on his ears. It’s a wild contrast to her demeanor at dinner last night, where she was solemn and tense.

“Mum, why are you calling?”

“Oh, um, I wanted to ask how you’re doing,” she says, but George can tell from her voice that she has something else to say.

“I’m alright...” George says, trailing off, hoping for her to elaborate.

“So sweetie... have you had any dreams lately?” his mum asks with an unsure voice.

George’s stomach turns. Why is she asking him this? Does she know something? He doesn’t know what it is, but something feels very off.

“Why are you asking?” he questions, trying not to get snappy. When she doesn’t respond, a thought comes to George’s mind that makes his heart drop.

“Mum, did you do something?” George says, fear evident in his voice.

“So you didn’t have any dreams?” his mum asks, ignoring his question. George doesn’t respond, completely unable to find the words, and George supposes she takes this as a yes. George’s stomach is turning and he feels like he might be sick again.

“Georgie, we just wanted what’s best for you...” she says in a sickly sweet manner, talking to George as if he’s a child.

“*What the fuck did you do?*” George whispers. “Did you give me that medicine?”

“Your father and I know you wouldn’t have taken it voluntarily, honey,” she says, and George feels like his world is collapsing as his mother keeps speaking, “We just wanted to help you.”

This can’t be real. His fucking parents, two people he should have been able to *trust*, fucking snuck that goddamn medicine into his dinner somehow. It’s *their* fault George didn’t see Dream.

“Mum, I can’t fucking believe you. How could you do this?” George says, tears welling up in his eyes. He doesn’t know if he should scream or cry, he’s so fucking pissed.

“George, you’re too obsessed with this imaginary friend! We’re just helping you get better!” she says, trying to defend their actions.

“*Fuck you,*” he spits. “*I love Dream.*” He can hear his mum gasp over the phone, and he wants to fucking scream and yell and cry and throw things. How can she act like she’s the one shocked by this when George just learned his own fucking parents gave him medicine without his consent? Medicine that denied him the ability to see Dream?

“If I don’t see Dream again, I’ll never forgive you,” George whispers into the phone through clenched teeth, and hangs up. He wipes the angry tears from his eyes and throws his phone onto the bed.

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

i promise this is as angsty as it's gonna get, i can't bring myself to write a lot of sad stuff LOL

i really will try to post on time next week but i have school and work so i'll try to squeeze writing into my very little free time lol

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

i am SO SORRY for the delay in posting this :(i had a bunch of school work to focus on, i barely had any free time.

this chapter is pretty long, so i hope it makes up for the shortness of the last one

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next three months are some of the worst of George's life. After the first night, George prayed and pleaded that the medicine would wear off, that he would go to sleep and be with Dream again. But that didn't happen. The next night, and the night after that, and every night since, George has gone to bed in hopes that he will wake up on the beach, to no avail.

Being unable to see Dream has sent George spiraling into a deep depression, one that he feels like he will never get out of.

It's almost like a break up, but ten times worse. If it was a break up, that would have meant they got closure, and could even possibly stay in contact. But this situation is so different, unlike anything George has experienced before, and it's so fucking frustrating. There was no closure, no goodbye, absolutely zero chance that they will ever see each other again. It hurts. He just wishes he could see Dream one last time, just to say goodbye.

George's parents seemed to quickly learn the severity of their actions after they saw how much this was affecting him.

Initially, he refused all contact with his parents at all. He locked himself in his apartment, only leaving when he absolutely had to. He basically had no drive or motivation except to work on his coding projects, but even then that was only so he could make money. His mother called and left excessive voicemails, but George barely bothered to listen to any of them. She would come to his apartment and knock on his door, but he never opened it.

But somehow, Bad and Sapnap convinced him to at least talk to his parents. He could hear the pure relief in his mum's voice when he finally picked up one of her calls one day. She asked if she could come over, and George reluctantly agreed.

She apologized, asked George what she could do to make this right, but George couldn't give her an answer.

He said he would never forgive her, and he doesn't plan to. He may be civil with her, but that doesn't mean she's forgiven.

And that leads George to where he is now. Still wallowing in his self pity, depressed and alone. Some days he cries, some days he's angry, some days he's completely apathetic. George has never taken his breakups well, and even though this wasn't technically a breakup, it's still no exception.

He misses Dream. He misses the beach. He misses building sandcastles, finding seashells, playing in the water, holding Dream's hand. He can't believe the timing of the whole situation. They confessed their feelings, and that was it. The very last interaction they had.

George wonders how Dream is handling this situation. Dream has always been a positive, bright source of energy, it makes George want to cry even imagining him sad. He can't imagine Dream is taking this well, maybe better than George, but still not well. He hopes Dream doesn't think he did this on purpose somehow. He had mentioned the medicine to Dream, but he *knows* George wouldn't take it. Right?

George honestly doesn't know what to do with himself. Will he ever see Dream again? The most likely answer is no. He supposes this means he just has to get over him.

But he doesn't know if he *can* get over Dream. He's special, he made George feel something he never had with any of his other relationships. They were just perfect, meant for each other. It may sound wistful, but maybe Bad was right. Soulmates.

But it doesn't matter now. The best he can do is just try to get past this situation, and get over Dream, no matter how impossible it seems.

•••

"I already bought the tickets."

George rubs his eyes, frustrated. He's not sure where she got the idea, but somehow his mum thinks it's a great time for them to take a family vacation.

"Seriously?"

"George, honey, you need to get out of your apartment."

He fights back a groan. He *knows* that, but really? A vacation? George barely has it in him to go outside to get groceries, let alone go out of the country and be forced to be around people for a whole week. He'll be miserable. His mum is really pushing her luck trying to get George to go on a vacation with them, because she should be glad he's even speaking to her.

"Mum, where are we even going?"

"Florida, sweetie!"

George's mouth feels dry as he speaks. "Like, to the beach?" he asks quietly.

"Yes, honey, we've rented a condo next to the beach!"

George feels multiple emotions well up inside him, and he's unsure which one to express.

He feels sadness at the thought that he's going to a beach with his family, and not with Dream. He doesn't know if it will comfort him, smelling the familiar saltwater scent of the ocean once again, or make him even more upset, knowing that he's there alone. He just wants to be with him again.

He feels hopeful at the thought that he's going to *America*. America may be a huge country, but that means he's one ocean closer to Dream. He said he lived not too far from the sea, right? It's so, so very unlikely, but George can't help but to wonder if by some stroke of luck, they will find each other.

He also feels anger and bitterness towards his mother. She's the one that caused all of the grief George is feeling, and now she expects him to get better by going on vacation? To a *beach*? When she knows that the ocean now has a strong connotation to George's whole relationship with Dream? George wonders if she's actually completely inconsiderate, or just unaware of the situation

she's putting George in. Probably the latter.

"Mum, I don't know if this is a good idea," he begins, but his mum cuts him off.

"Georgie, you need to get out. You can't just sit in your apartment forever."

George wants to snap, *I wouldn't even be in this situation if it weren't for you*. When George doesn't respond, his mother pleads, "honey, please. Just consider it." George does consider it.

On one hand, he could just stay home, stay in Brighton, and sit there and rot in his apartment. He knows it will take him a while, probably a long, long while, until he gets over Dream. And that's what he *needs* to do, is to get over Dream, because it's so unlikely that he will ever see Dream again.

But unlikely doesn't mean impossible. If he joins his parents on this vacation, that means he's in America. On the same continent as Dream. Four thousand miles closer. If he goes to America and doesn't find Dream, which will probably be the case, that will cause him even more pain. Knowing he was so close. George wants to snuff out the tiny spark of hope he still has that he maybe, just maybe, will see Dream again, but he can't. He needs to find him. If this is the only chance he gets, he *needs* to take it. No matter the hurt he will receive if he never sees Dream again, he can't pass up the opportunity that this will give him.

If fate can bring them together once, it can happen again.

"Fine. I'll go."

•••

"Sweetie, are you almost ready?"

"Yeah, one second," George calls out to his mum as he finishes zipping up his suitcase.

He's not sure how, but he found what little bit of motivation he had left to actually get a haircut and start shaving his face every day. It helped a little bit to ease him out of his depressive slump, no longer feeling gross and unkempt. He finally did his laundry, and he is currently packing the clean clothes into his suitcase for a week-long trip to Florida.

Fuck. He really is about to fly across the Atlantic ocean and go to America.

George has kept his true reasoning for agreeing to go on vacation under lock and key, lest his parents try *another* medication on him without his consent. As George has gotten slightly less depressed, they've been ecstatic. They think he's finally coming out of his rut, and coming back into the real world. George doesn't have the heart to tell them that the only reason he's been better lately is the newfound hope of somehow finding Dream while he's in America.

Hope. That's all he has. George doesn't know how he has put so much faith into this improbable idea that he will somehow find him.

"Georgie, come on! We need to head out so we don't miss our flight!!" he hears his mother's voice call from his living room. Grabbing the handle of the suitcase, he picks it up and heads out.

They load George's suitcase alongside his parents' suitcases in the back of the Uber they're taking, and begin making their way towards the airport.

George leans against the window, watching the world pass by. He wonders if Dream has gotten

over him, or if he's just as distraught as George is. Dream is strong, resilient. George can easily imagine Dream picking himself up off the floor and continuing on. It's been three months, maybe a little more, but that's enough time for someone to get over a breakup, right? George needs to remind himself to stop referring to it as a breakup, but that's the best way he can describe it. He doesn't know any type of word for the specific situation they're in.

What do you call it when you confess your love to someone and then never see them again?

George tries to clear his thoughts as they pull up to the airport. He needs to act normal and unreadable if he wants to survive this week. He doesn't need his parents interrogating him on what's bothering him, again.

George has only flown one or two times in his life, so the airport is pretty intimidating. The countless people swarming around him make him feel dizzy. This is why he didn't want to go on vacation in the first place, because the constant stream of people talking and moving and laughing and breathing makes him want to run back home and crawl into his bed, just to get away from everything.

If Dream were here, George would feel ten times more comfortable. Safer. He knows Dream would calm him down and tell him everything will be fine. But he isn't here, so George is just stuck with his parents who are currently checking in, and the hundreds of other people flooding the airport.

They drop off their luggage and get checked by security, but George barely processes any of it. He's got too much on his mind, and his body just moves on autopilot. They head towards the boarding gate, George's mum ushering him along with a "*Come on, sweetie!*" By the time George realizes it, they've already boarded the plane and are ready to take off. He has the window seat, so he sits and absentmindedly watches the few airport workers milling around outside his window. George lets his mind wander as he stares blankly.

He wants so desperately to believe that they will be brought together again. It has to happen, because this is his only chance. But what will he do if he actually does find Dream? George doesn't know how he will prove to his parents that it's actually him. And if they do find each other, how are they going to handle the fact that George will only be there for a week? He has to go back to England eventually, but if they find each other, George never *ever* wants to lose Dream again.

George barely registers the voice of the flight attendant telling them to fasten their seatbelts. He does so, and leans back in his seat. George's eyelids feel heavy as he sits there. Maybe he will just sleep on the flight to Florida, and when he wakes up he will be an ocean closer to Dream. George closes his eyes as he becomes more drowsy.

He relaxes into the seat, finally drifting off. As he does, his sleep remains dreamless.

...

George wants to cry as soon as he steps outside of the airport.

The *smell*.

It's the familiar saltwater scent that he has missed so, so much. It's almost nostalgic, if you can be nostalgic about something from just a few months prior. He has to calm himself down and hide how much just the smell of the ocean is affecting him before his parents notice anything.

They end up taking another Uber to the condo that his mum had rented for the week. The condo is spacious, with large windows and various beach themed items decorating the walls and shelves. George would have admired it more, but instead he just shuffles off towards the room that his parents designated for him. He lets his luggage drop to the ground and he flops himself on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

Wow. He really is in America right now. He wonders what Dream would think of this. He would probably have so much to talk about, telling George what places to go, what sites to see, what food to try. George really misses him. It's unfair.

"George, honey, come here!" George groans and rolls over. Can he not get one second to wallow in his self pity? He forces himself to get up from the bed and walk back into the living area where his mum is standing.

"Yeah?"

"We're going to go out to eat tonight! Your father and I have been looking up local seafood places, there's one just down the street." George winces. Going out to a restaurant? With a bunch of people? He just wants to have some peace and alone time for at least a few hours, but he supposes his parents are set on making the most out of this trip.

...

The restaurant they go to is a little locally owned seafood place. It's nearly packed full, with people at every table and customers even waiting outside. The ambiance is nice, too. The sun is just starting to set and there are little string lights decorating the outside and illuminating the area. Because it's so busy, they have to wait a few minutes before being seated, and even if it's a relatively small building, it's obviously still well known, if the pictures on the wall are anything to go by.

There's photographs decorating every wall, pictures of customers that have dined here and wanted to commemorate their experience. Families, friends, couples, and even a few celebrities. This place is probably more well known than George even realized.

The waitress seats them at a table against the wall, and now he can see the photographs even closer. It's kinda nice, seeing all the people happy and smiling with their friends and family. There's a photo of a couple standing together, hugging each other and posing for the camera. George wishes he could do that with Dream.

They take a minute to glance at their menus and then place their orders when the waitress comes by. The waitress seems to find their accents amusing, asking them where they're from and what they're doing here. George just sits there uncomfortably as his parents chit-chat. The waitress eventually leaves to put in their order.

After a while of waiting and mindless conversation, their food arrives. George's jaw nearly drops at the sheer amount of food on his plate. Dream really wasn't kidding when he said that american portion sizes are huge.

"Jeez, how am I meant to eat all of this?" George mutters to himself. His parents just laugh and he scowls.

God how he wishes that he were with Dream right now instead of his stupid, manipulative parents. This would be the perfect date, the two of them together finally. Dream would eat everything on his plate because according to him his stomach is bottomless, George would unfortunately have to

ask for a takeout box, and then they would take a picture together to hang on the wall.

George is snapped out of his daydreaming by his father's voice.

"How do you like it, son?" he asks.

"it's good," he mumbles. "I just can't believe the portions are this big." His father laughs and George forces a smile. Just six more days of constant interaction with them, and he can go back to hiding away in his apartment.

"Oh, honey, we're planning on going to the beach tomorrow!" his mum chirps.

George's stomach turns when he hears the words come from her mouth. He's not really sure whether to feel excited or nervous at the prospect. His gut is swirling with a mixture of emotions. He simply nods in acknowledgement.

They finish their meal and his parents talk to each other while George stares off into space. His eyes are scanning over the photographs on the wall again, studying each of the pictures.

His gaze falls on one photograph, hanging right next to him. It catches his eye because it's just barely askew, and he takes a hand and gently rotates it on the tack so that it's level. As he does so, he gets a good look at it.

It's a football team of what looks like high schoolers, wearing vibrant forest green colored jerseys. They're smiling and leaning on each other, obviously joyous and having a good time. They had probably just won a game and went out to eat to celebrate.

George's eyebrows furrow as he looks at the members' faces. As he takes a closer look at one of the members in the team, his face goes pale.

No fucking way.

George's heart rate is starting to pick up as he stares at the boy's face. Number twelve, standing tall compared to the rest, arms slung around his teammates shoulders. There's no way it could be true, but the longer he looks at the boy's face in the grainy photo the more he thinks... that looks like Dream.

The eyes, the smile, the height, everything fits. It looks exactly like Dream, if not a little younger. George can barely comprehend what he's looking at. He's racking his brain trying to remember if Dream ever mentioned playing football in high school. He had said that at some point, right? The weight of this suddenly hits him like a train. Dream was *here*. In the same building he's in right now. Dream is *real*.

Does this mean that he lives around here? He could have gone to a local high school in the area, but there's also the possibility of him coming here on an away game. In either circumstance, that means Dream is somewhat nearby.

He has to stop himself from jumping up and down at this new revelation. George can find him, they can find each other. Dream is closer than ever before.

And he wants to cry just looking at the photo. He hasn't seen Dream's face in months and his heart hurts just looking at it. He looks the same, but younger. It's cute, seeing him smiling happily with his teammates.

"What are you looking at, honey?" George's head snaps towards his mother, startled. He almost

forgot where he was or what they were doing.

“Oh, uh, just looking at the pictures,” he says, trying to sound nonchalant.

“Oh, we should take one together! They have a photographer near the entrance,” his mum says cheerfully.

George nods and lets his gaze return to the photo of Dream. He waits for a moment when his parents aren’t looking at him and subtly snatches the picture off the wall, folding it up and sliding it into his pocket.

He just can’t believe it. George is trying to fight down a giddy smile as they wait for their check. After they pay, they take a photo together and have it printed out before going to find an empty space to hang it. As his mum tucks it to the wall, he thinks about Dream. Once they find each other, they will come here, take a picture, rip the photo of George and his parents off the wall, and replace it with theirs.

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After they return to the condo, George quickly shuts himself inside his room and pulls the photograph out of his pocket. He unfolds it and stares at it again. Even in the grainy photo, Dream’s smile is bright. He runs his thumb across Dream’s face in the picture. He misses his touch. Once they’re together again, he’s going to hug him as tight as he can and never let go.

He just can’t believe it. It’s actually a picture of Dream. He just wants to take this photograph and rub it in his parents face that yes, Dream is in fact *real*. The only problem is they have no idea what he looks like, so for all they know, George found a photo and said a random guy was Dream.

But it doesn’t matter, his parents are irrelevant right now when he finally has proof that Dream is real. No more second guessing himself, no more anxieties, no more “what-if”s. This little image he has between his fingers is all the proof he needs.

George spends the rest of the night scouring the internet in search of what school Dream could have possibly attended. The jerseys in the photo don’t have any school names on them, and George found dozens of schools in the area with green as a school color. And even if he found the exact school, he doesn’t even know Dream’s actual name.

It’s around one in the morning when he finally calls it quits. The search had come up empty, no matter how far he scrolled and how many Instagram and Facebook pages he dug through. George looks at the photograph in his hands one more time before folding it up and hiding it behind his phone case. The search will continue tomorrow, but for now, he needs rest.

Once again, his sleep remains empty and lonesome.

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After they wake up and eat breakfast, George and his parents set out to head down to the beach, his stomach turning in anticipation the entire time. When they step out onto the sand, George’s heart skips a beat.

He didn’t realize just how much he had missed this. The sand between his toes, the ocean breeze, the salty air. The only thing ruining the atmosphere was the amount of people on the beach. It was so crowded, full of noisy beachgoers talking and blasting music. In his dreams, it was quiet and peaceful, with only him and Dream, no one else.

George isn't sure if you can be nostalgic for something that happened just a few months ago, but nostalgia is the best word to describe what he's feeling right now. He reminisces on his time with Dream as he walks down to the shore.

As he steps onto the shore, a memory comes to mind. George stoops down to where the water is lapping up at the sand and his eyes search the ground for a moment. When he spots movement under the sand he quickly reaches down and grabs the creature. A grin spreads across George's face when he holds the item up to get a good look at it.

It's a coquina clam. The exact same ones that Dream showed him on one of their very first days.

The moment is ruined by his mother coming up behind him and peering down at him.

"What is that, honey?"

"It's a clam," he explains, picking a few more up from the sand. He remembers Dream telling him about when he caught a whole bucket full of them. He's sure if he was there with him, they could capture dozens of them.

When the slimy part of the clam peeks out of the shell, his mum makes a face.

"Ew, that's gross!" she exclaims.

George rolls his eyes and lets the clams drop from his palm. Whatever.

As the day at the beach rolls on, George finds himself doing the things that he used to do with Dream, but this time, alone. He wades into the water to find sea dollars, searches for seashells, and he even builds his own sandcastle. It's nowhere near as good as the ones Dream could make, but he still tries. The practice that he had with Dream each night has definitely helped him improve from the first time he tried making one.

George uses the seashells he gathered to decorate the sandcastle. As he finishes it up, he's kind of proud of his work. He knows Dream would have complimented him on it, saying, '*You did so good, angel!*'

"That looks good, son," George can hear his father say from behind him.

"Thanks," he mumbles.

"You must be a natural at this sandcastle stuff, huh?" his dad jokes.

"No, i've had practice," George says, looking up at his father. The sun is blinding so he can't even see the expression on his father's face. Instead of elaborating, he returns to placing the seashells on the sandcastle. He will let his father deal with that one by himself.

His father just turns and walks off, leaving George to his sandcastle. As he is trying to fix one of the towers, it crumbles and falls off. He tries to build it back up, but his efforts are useless, as it just keeps toppling over. If Dream were here, he would know how to fix it to make it stay. But he isn't.

Despite the dozens of beachgoers surrounding George, it's lonely.

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That night, he has trouble falling asleep. He tosses and turns all night, never seeming to find a

position that's comfortable. Thoughts are constantly occupying George's mind, he can't seem to get a break from them. To top it all off, the stupid heat in his room makes him feel like he's going to burn up.

At around 5 am, he finally gives up on trying to fall into a deep sleep. George flings the covers off himself and grabs his phone. He takes off the case to reach inside and grab the photograph. He looks at it for a few seconds and sighs, placing it back inside his case. Day three and his efforts have been basically useless.

George slips out of bed and tiptoes around the condo, trying not to wake his parents. He grabs a random beach towel off one of the chairs and heads for the door. He unlocks it as slow as he can to make as little noise as possible. After he successfully opens the door and steps outside, he pushes it back shut until he hears the soft click of the latch.

The condo is practically directly next to the beach, so all George has to do is cross the street and head for the wooden deck that leads down to the beach. The sun is just barely starting to rise but hasn't peaked the horizon yet, so the sky still more dark than it is light. There's barely just enough illumination for him to see where he's going, walking down to the shore.

He can see that there's a singular umbrella buried in the sand. He's assuming a tourist must have accidentally left it out here, forgotten. He takes the beach towel and lays it down gently on the sand under the umbrella, taking a seat on it.

George wasn't really sure what his goal was by coming out here, but it's peaceful. There's no one around him, the only noise being the crashing of the waves against the shore. He laughs to himself slightly, more out of bitterness than humor. It's funny, the parallels of this trip compared to his once nightly dreams. He's on a beach, under an umbrella, with no tourists around, but this time he's alone.

George lies back on the towel and crosses his arms behind his head, closing his eyes. He just rests there for a moment and listens to the crash of the waves. Before he realizes it, his fatigue catches up with him and for the first time that night, he falls into a deep sleep.

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A soft noise echoes in George's ear, muffled and distorted by sleep. He shuts his eyes harder and tries to go back to sleep, but the noise is incessant. As he slowly becomes conscious, he realizes the sound is a voice.

"-gel? Hello?" George's eyes crack open just slightly. His vision is blurry from sleep and he brings a hand up to rub his eyes. He's still half asleep, having been rudely awoken from a much needed deep sleep. As he rolls over on his side and props himself up with his elbow.

"Mm- what?" George mumbles, still rubbing his eyes. When he finally opens them fully, he is met with a person kneeling next to him. His eyes slowly trail up the person's body until his gaze meets their face.

It takes a good few seconds for him to comprehend what he's seeing. Blonde hair, freckles, eyes just barely glistening with tears, and a hand clamped over their mouth.

"What the fuck?" George croaks out, and then he's suddenly engulfed in Dream's embrace.

As the situation suddenly dawns upon George, he starts to laugh. He's back. He woke up back on the beach with Dream again. Maybe that's all it took, was for him to come down to the shore and

fall asleep on a real beach. Maybe they're back together for good, and he can see Dream once more every single night. Or maybe his parent's stupid medicine finally wore off, and now they're together again. He doesn't know the reason or what is even going on, really, but he's here again, with Dream once more.

"Oh my god, *angel*," Dream whispers, pulling back to look at George's face again. "How are you here?"

"Um, I don't know," George says with a little laugh. "Does it even matter? We're here again."

"What?" Dream says, with a confused look on his face. "I'm asking you how you got *here*. In Florida."

George's eyebrows furrow. "What?" he pushes himself up to sit upright, and looks around him. The umbrella above him is white instead of blue, the material beneath him is a towel instead of a blanket, and there seems to be a few people dotting the shoreline. It's a beach, but it's not *their* beach. Which means...

"Am I not dreaming?" George whispers.

Dream shakes his head, his eyes still wet with tears. George is too shocked to even feel any strong emotions right now. Before he realizes it, Dream takes both of his hands and cups George's face, surging forward and pressing their lips together.

It's not fireworks or butterflies, but a warm feeling starts to bubble up inside of George as they kiss. The kiss isn't perfect, he can feel Dream's hands shake, but it's exactly what he has been missing. Dream's lips are on his, his warm hands are cupping his face, and his tears are falling onto George's face. Dream is real. Dream is *here*. They're together.

Dream pulls away and they look at each other for a moment. It's been too long since he has seen Dream like this. Not in his memories and not in a grainy photo, but in reality. George can feel his own eyes start to prick with tears.

"I've missed you so, so much angel, you don't even realize," Dream says, his voice cracking on a sob. He leans in to kiss George once more, a small peck on the lips. It feels so nice to finally kiss Dream, since they never even got the chance to.

"George," he whispers.

Dream looks at him with red eyes. "What?"

"My name. It's George." A grin as bright as the sun crosses Dream's face, and god, how George has missed it.

"*George*," Dream repeats.

Dream pulls him into a hug once more, and George has missed this, too. Dream's warm body embracing him, holding him as tight as he can. Dream's arms are around his shoulders, his hand gently holding the back of George's head and holding it to his chest. He wraps his arms around Dream's waist and they stay there for a moment.

When George tries to pull back, Dream's arms tighten around him.

"I'm gonna get your shirt wet," George mumbles, sniffling.

“I don’t give a shit, i’m never going to let you go,” Dream huffs, and George laughs.

“if you don’t let me go, you can’t give me a kiss,” George says, and he finally lets George pull back.

When he finally gets a good look at Dream, he looks terrible. His eyes and cheeks are red, his hair is mussed up, and his shirt is wet from George’s tears. George can’t imagine that he looks any better himself. Dream gives him a soft, chaste kiss.

“My name is Clay, by the way,” Dream says.

George laughs a little bit. “I don’t even know if I could call you Clay. You’ve always been Dream to me.”

“I don’t care what you call me,” Dream says with a small smile. “How are you even here?” he asks, repeating his earlier question.

“Um, my mom wanted to go on vacation,” George says lamely.

Dream just smiles and shakes his head. “Well, she did a good job picking the time and place, didn’t she?”

“Yeah, I guess so,” George says with a giggle. “How are you here, then?”

“I missed the beach. Well, I mostly missed you,” Dream says, taking George’s hand. “I thought maybe coming here would give me closure or something.”

“I think you got a little more than closure,” George says, and Dream rolls his eyes.

George leans forward and kisses Dream again. He doesn’t think he could ever get tired of this, feeling Dream, so solid and real. Dream smiles at him when they pull away.

“I love you, George,” he whispers.

“I love you too.” nothing can ever compare to the emotions George is feeling in this moment. He can’t even begin to describe the relief and joy that finally, *finally*, they’re together again. He doesn’t care about anything else in this moment, not his parents, not the other people on the beach staring at them, nothing. The only thing he cares about right now is Dream.

“I just can’t believe this is happening,” Dream says. “What are the odds of something like this happening? The fact that we came to the same beach at the same time in the same city.”

“Maybe it’s fate,” George offers.

“Fate?” Dream asks, rolling his eyes.

“Can you find another way to explain it?” George scoffs.

“No, I don’t suppose,” Dream replies.

George takes his hand.

“Fate it is, then.”

well there it is! i am most likely going to do a 6th chapter/epilogue because i think theres more stuff that needs to be resolved (like george's parents finding out abt dream, and what they will do once george has to leave) but for now this is all i have. thank you for reading! <3

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

i want to thank everyone who was being patient with me waiting for this chapter. i was honestly pretty burnt out on this fic, but i finally forced myself to finish it. thanks to everyone for the support on this, it's amazing and i love all of you. i hope you enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sun has finally risen past the horizon, and George hasn't checked the time, but he would guess it's been a few hours since he came out at 5 am. He and Dream are lying on their sides facing each other, just talking and appreciating the fact that they don't have to filter their conversation anymore. Every now and then Dream leans over to kiss George, again and again like he just can't get enough.

"I have a question," George says after Dream pulls away from yet another kiss.

"Shoot," Dream says.

"Did you play football in highschool?"

"Yeah, why?"

George reaches into his pocket and pulls his phone out. He pries the case off and reaches in, pulling out the photograph that he has kept in there. He gently unfolds it and hands it to him.

Dream takes the picture from his hand and smiles when he sees it. He looks back up at George, asking, "Where did you find this?"

"At a local restaurant. I was sitting and looking at the photos on the wall and I saw someone who looked a little familiar," he says with a little grin.

"I look so young," Dream murmurs, studying the photograph.

"You would not believe the relief I felt when I saw that picture," George confesses. "I assumed that you must have lived nearby."

"Yeah, my team came here for an away game. I actually live in Orlando."

"I guess I'll just have to come visit sometime," George says with a small smile.

"Yes please," Dream says, continuing with, "God, angel, I thought I was going crazy whenever I saw you just sleeping here. I couldn't believe what I was looking at."

"What, am I that handsome?" George teases, and Dream rolls his eyes. He leans in and steals another kiss.

"Yeah, you are."

Despite the fact that the beach is starting to fill with more people, George couldn't care less. It's

like him and Dream are in their own little bubble with no regard to anyone else. He could probably sit here with him for hours, talking, kissing, or just in comfortable silence.

“What will we do when you have to go back?”

George looks up at Dream to see an unsure expression on his face; George thinks he might even look scared. He wants to comfort him and tell him that he’ll stay and never go back, but in reality, that’s not even feasible. His entire life is back in England, and as much as he desperately wants to stay with Dream, it would take a good long while of planning to suddenly uproot himself and move to America.

“I wish I knew,” George says quietly.

“How about you sneak me into one of your suitcases and I’ll go back with you,” Dream offers with a grin. George shoves at his shoulder while rolling his eyes.

“As if you’d even fit in one,” George retorts.

“Hey, are you calling me fat?” Dream exclaims.

George tries to smack his shoulder again but instead Dream grabs his outstretched arm and quickly pulls him in close to his body. He wants to complain, but he stills as Dream gently rests his arm around his waist and holds him there.

“You’re so cheesy,” George mumbles, ducking his head into the crook of Dream’s neck. They lie there for a moment in comfortable silence, and George never wants to forget the warmth of Dream’s body next to his.

George suddenly feels Dream tense beside him. He looks up at Dream who is staring right past George at something behind him. He cranes his head around to look behind him and to his horror, his own mother is stalking towards the both of them, only a few yards away.

“Mum?” George asks, quickly detangling himself from Dream’s embrace. Dream just looks on in confusion.

“George!” she shouts as she finally reaches him. “We woke up and you were gone!”

George curses himself in his head. He had completely lost track of time since Dream showed up, and he probably should have sent his parents a text saying that he left early for the beach. He feels kinda bad for making his parents worry, but there was something much, *much* more important going on.

“Honey, who is this?” George can see the bewilderment written all over his mum’s face as she takes in the sight of George and Dream lying next to each other. George can feel a blush spreading on his face as he realizes she probably saw them cuddling before they finally noticed her. George can’t even find the words to explain what is going on, so he looks to Dream behind him for help. Dream suddenly stands up and brushes the sand off his body, stepping over George who is still lying down and walking over to his mum. George’s heart is racing out of control with uncertainty.

“Hello, I’m Dream,” he says, sticking his hand out for a handshake.

George can’t tell if he wants to laugh or cry at this moment. He settles for staring at them nervously as his mum hesitantly takes Dream’s hand on instinct and shakes it, still obviously extremely confused.

“George, what’s going on?” his mum asks, her eyes darting between the two of them.

George rises to his feet and stands next to Dream nervously. He has absolutely no idea how he is going to explain this. Before any words can even get out of his mouth, Dream speaks for him.

“Ma’am, it’s nice to meet you. I’m the person your son has been having dreams about. My name is Clay, but George calls me Dream.” George wants the ground to swallow him whole the longer he has to endure this situation. How did he manage to have to do the whole parents-meet-the-boyfriend thing the exact same day *he* met his boyfriend?

“Sweetie, is this some kind of trick to prove yourself to me?” his mum scoffs in utter disbelief. “Please tell this nice man he doesn’t have to do this.” George can see Dream’s face twitch in anger. He gently grabs Dream’s wrist to get his attention.

“You can leave if you want me to handle all of this,” George offers quietly.

“No, no way in hell am I leaving you,” Dream says in frustration, turning his gaze back onto George’s mum.

“Your son is 24, colorblind, likes Minecraft, has a degree in computer science, and had to deal with you forcing a psychologist into his home to try and convince him that I wasn’t real. Should I go on?” George’s mum stands there with her mouth open. It takes her a moment to gather her thoughts before finally speaking.

“George, I think… *Dream*,” she hesitates in saying his name, “should come back with us so we can have a conversation.”

...

It takes the two of them the majority of an hour to explain and everything to George’s parents. They sat in disbelief the whole time, and it took a lot of convincing for them to even entertain the idea that Dream was actually real. After everything, George feels confident that he has them at least halfway convinced.

“I’m gonna show Dream my room, okay? I’ll leave you guys to talk,” George says, grabbing Dream by the wrist and leading him into the room down the hallway. He gently shuts the door behind him.

Dream whirls around and cups George’s face, bringing him into a soft kiss. He melts into it, wrapping his arms tight around Dream’s neck, standing up on his tiptoes to get a better angle. Dream breaks away so they can catch their breath.

“I don’t know how I will be able to handle you leaving, I could barely wait till the conversation was over to kiss you again,” Dream whispers.

“I saw you staring at me the whole time,” George says with a smirk.

Dream kisses him again. “How could I not? You’re too pretty.”

“Shut up,” George says, smiling.

Dream’s hands slide down from George’s face and wrap around his waist, holding him close. George lowers his heels so he’s no longer on his tiptoes, and lets Dream rest his chin on top of his head. Their height difference is just perfect enough that they fit right together.

"Do you think they believed us?" George says, his voice muffled by Dream's shirt.

Dream hums, and George can feel his chest vibrate in front of him. "I don't know, but it doesn't matter. You're here, so I don't give a shit about what anyone else has to say."

George laughs and hugs Dream tighter. He doesn't know what he will do when he has to leave. He wouldn't mind spending the rest of his life in Dream's arms like this, pressed into his chest, warm and content. George wonders how he is going to tell Sapnap and Bad about all of this. Maybe he could Facetime them and just show them Dream, have him wave to the camera and say hello, then hang up. George snorts thinking about it.

"What's so funny?" George can feel the vibrations in Dream's chest as he speaks.

"Nothing, don't worry about it," George giggles.

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George is surprised to hear that his parents want Dream to stay for dinner. Dream is surprised too; he asks if George is comfortable with him staying, and George says he wants Dream to stay with him every second that he has left in America. He doesn't want to waste a single moment that they have together.

"So... Dream," George's father begins.

"You can call me Clay if you'd like," Dream says, shifting in his seat.

George wants to laugh at him. He's obviously putting on the perfect boyfriend act, trying to impress George's parents and make them like him. It probably would have worked if the circumstances were different. His parents are painfully awkward, still disbelieving about the entire situation. George reaches for Dream's hand under the table, linking their fingers together and rubbing circles into his skin with his thumb.

"You two are... dating, correct?" his father asks.

Dream shoots him a concerned look. George isn't worried about his parents disapproving of him dating a man, he came out to them years ago. He squeezes Dream's hand in encouragement, watching his eyes flicker between George and his father.

"Yes, that's correct."

"Well, I hope you will be treating my son well."

George can see the tenseness leave Dream's shoulders as he exhales. It's almost funny how anxious he seems to be meeting George's parents, it feels like bringing home his first boyfriend all over again. It's endearing in a way, seeing Dream all nervous to be meeting his boyfriend's parents for the first time.

His mother offers some polite questions about Dream's personal life and he answers, simple responses but still cautious. As the dinner progresses, George thinks they begin to warm up to Dream, even if they still might not be completely convinced. If he doesn't think too hard about it, he can fall into the pleasant illusion that this is a normal dinner with his mother, father, and loving boyfriend.

After the awkward dinner, Dream and George retire to George's room. Dream had informed him that he came to the beach alone and he had just been staying in a hotel, so he immediately snatches

up the opportunity when George offers to let him sleep over. His parents give him an iffy look when he tells them their plans, but George is a grown ass adult and he should be able to have his boyfriend stay the night.

They lie in bed together, curled up under the covers. George cups Dream's face and gives him a soft kiss.

"I can't believe you made me wait," he murmurs.

Dream quirks an eyebrow. "Made you wait? For what?"

"For this," George says, kissing him again. Dream fists his hand in George's shirt, pulling him closer until they're pressed together, legs tangled together and bodies radiating heat. George breaks the connection, opening his eyes to see Dream's dazed expression staring back at him. His eyes are dark and lidded, cheeks flushed and lips red and shiny with saliva. "You told me you wouldn't kiss me until we met in person."

Dream's eyes drop down to George's mouth before flitting back up to meet his gaze. "I wanted it to be special."

"I suppose it definitely was special," George whispers, pulling Dream in for another kiss.

Dream's hand snakes up from where it was gripping George's shirt and slowly travels up to his hair, threading his fingers into it. George hums in content at the feeling of his short nails scraping over his scalp and petting his hair. He gasps into Dream's mouth when the man suddenly grips his hair and tugs, pulling his head back for more access. George melts into Dream's hold, kissing him feverishly in an effort to make up for all the lost time.

He whimpers when Dream tugs his hair again, and he can feel his cocky grin against his lips. They break apart and he glares at Dream.

"What's the look for?" Dream asks with a knowing smirk.

"You can't do stuff like that," he mumbles.

"And why not?" Dream asks, moving to mouth at George's neck. He shivers at the feeling of hot breath ghosting against his skin when Dream speaks, whispering, "I can't get enough of touching you."

George reluctantly pulls Dream's head away from where he was pressing wet kisses onto his throat. Dream has an annoyed pouty look on his face. "We can't do anything like this with my parents here," George explains, only receiving a frown from Dream.

"Fine, but once we're alone, I get have you all to myself."

...

On the last day of George's week-long trip, he wakes up at around 9 a.m. to Dream curled up behind him, spooning him with his arms wrapped tight around George's waist. Even in his sleep, Dream isn't ready to part with him. George tries to squirm out of his grasp, but apparently Dream has awoken and so he just locks him in his arms even tighter.

"Dream, we have to get up. My plane will leave in a few hours," George mumbles.

"No, you're not allowed to leave," Dream rasps out, voice still croaky from sleep. He gently

strokes George's stomach as he holds him tight, caressing him gently and pressing a kiss on the back of his neck. He whines when George tries to escape again.

"You can't go, just stay with me and we'll go back to Orlando."

George ends up giving up on escaping and just flips around so he's face to face with Dream. His eyes are heavy with sleep and his hair is sticking up in all different directions, and George's heart almost breaks when he sees the sad look on Dream's face.

"You know I can't, Dream. I've given you my number so we can text and Facetime whenever you want," George tries to reassure him, but his frown only deepens.

"It's not the same. Wanna hold you," he mumbles.

"I know, I feel the same. But I have to get up and pack my things," George says with a sense of finality, and Dream reluctantly loosens his grip and lets George slip out from his hold.

George has to keep brushing Dream off as he packs his suitcase, he incessantly asks for kisses and tries to wrap his arms around George's waist, which is impacting his ability to actually get anything done. He knows that Dream is just trying to make the most of the few hours he has left, so he can't really blame him. He lets himself be guided into a kiss, Dream gently tilting his chin up so that their lips can meet. As they kiss, the irrational side of his brain is telling him to take up Dream's offer on staying. He could just ditch everything back in Brighton and stay with him. But no matter how tempting it is, he can't. Not yet, at least. First George has to somehow get a Green Card, then they have to find somewhere to stay together, and then George needs to figure out a way to transport all of his belongings to the United States. It can happen, it *will* happen, but not overnight.

When he finally gets done packing his things, they sit on the bed together. George can tell that Dream is bottling up his emotions, picking at his fingernails and avoiding George's eyes. He doesn't want to think about it, and George doesn't either, but they're going to be separated. Again.

He reaches for Dream's hand to stop him from engaging the anxious habit. Dream looks up at him, and George can see the frustration and sorrow written all over his face.

"We'll see each other again. I promise," George whispers. "Just give me a bit of time to sort things out, and then we won't have to be apart anymore."

•••

It takes a lot of planning and preparation. A *lot*.

George has to go through the whole ordeal of applying for a Green Card and getting authorized, it takes so long he feels like he's going to rip his hair out. Every month spent away from Dream seems to make him ache to touch him even more. They Facetime every day, text constantly, and George even invited Dream to play Minecraft with him, Bad, and Sapnap. They have a surprisingly good dynamic, it doesn't take long until Dream is chasing Sapnap down with his netherite sword.

Once he is finally, *finally* approved, George hastily gets everything set up. He spends hours with Dream sharing his screen on Discord, the two of them browsing different apartments in the area. They bicker about tiny things, going back and forth on each listing, but George doesn't mind. He likes the domesticity. They end up picking out a quaint apartment located in a sleepy town not too far from the ocean, perfect for the two of them. Dream goes to the place in person just to scout it out, and when he reports his findings back to George he looks as giddy as ever. George feels giddy

too. They're going to be living together.

As soon as the apartment gets confirmed, everything is set into motion. He boxes up all of his belongings and gets them ready to be delivered via sea freight, books his plane ticket to Florida, and prepares for his departure from Brighton.

He doesn't tell his parents. He knows it would lead to them begging him to stay, and he doesn't have the time or patience for that. Despite the caring behavior they exhibit sometimes, George can't forget their manipulation and breach of trust. He doesn't mind if their only interactions are phone calls once a month, in fact, it's probably better for his mental health that way. The only forewarning they get is a text from George right before he boards the plane, stating:

I'm leaving Brighton. I've already packed my things and have them ready to transport, so please, don't bother trying to stop me. I'm going to America to live with Dream. We're renting an apartment together, and we already have everything set up and ready to go. I don't know if I'll come home for holidays, or even come back at all. If you want to call me I don't mind, but if you're just going to try to convince me to come back, then don't bother. I'm an adult, and this is my life now, so I am going to live it how I want. I appreciate what you did for me growing up. Goodbye for now.

George takes a deep breath and taps the send button. When composing the message, he almost puts "I love you" at the end out of habit, but he quickly backspaces. He's not a liar.

•••

George's body is buzzing with excitement as soon as he exits the plane and steps foot into the airport. He can barely control the shake in his hands as he grabs his things from the luggage claim, and nearly runs to the area where Dream said he would be waiting. As soon as he spots the blonde head of hair standing tall compared to the rest of the people, he rushes forwards. Dream opens his arms and George crashes into him, nearly barreling him over.

"Hello to you too, angel."

George just wraps his arms tight around Dream's waist, sticking his face into his chest and inhaling.

"Are you sniffing me?" Dream asks incredulously, pulling George's face away from him.

"I missed you," George says.

"I missed you too, sweetheart," Dream replies, dipping his head down to give George a sweet kiss. George tries to deepen it, kissing back with an intense urgency he didn't know he had in him. Dream has to practically pry him off his lips.

"Oh c'mon, let's not make out in the middle of the airport." Dream has a blush on his face as his eyes dart around at the few people that noticed them. George doesn't even care about them, he's too focused on Dream.

Dream feels so good, so *real*. George can't believe that they're together again, this time for good. No more uncertainty, no more distance. He wants to jump up and down in joy knowing that they're about to take a drive in Dream's car all the way to *their* apartment. Theirs.

"Sorry, I just missed kissing you," George apologizes and Dream smiles.

"Well, angel, now we will have all the time in the world for kisses."

Chapter End Notes

thank u so much for reading :D i havent been responding to comments on this fic because i got a lot and then fell reallly behind on answering them, but i will try to put in an effort to respond to each comment on this chapter.

[twitter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!